

Madam Pride

I am vain hag
from original time.
All men have grown younger
than I.
Their eyes turn toward girls

except
when I look at them
in a deep religious way
then they
amazed
stare back at me with ageless love.

They bring me their lonely hands
full of unwritten poems.
I am the end of their journey
safely arrived.

They are innocent
and I allow them their innocence.
I do not tell them
what they will find
between the failure and
the praise.

Their hands are frozen
upon the breasts and thighs
of my mind,
holding me from dying.
It is my own dying.
I let them hold me from it.

They do not know why
they keep returning for my
clockless hours my certain laughter
my cheap wine.

I am of forever
having changed and not changed
all I can
knowing what I know
and knowing
there is much yet
to discover.